GYMNASTICS FOR THE LUNGS.

Artificial Breathing Which May Benefit Health and Prolong Life.

Air is to the lungs what food is to the stomach. Its importance may be judged from the fact that a healthy human being requires sixty-six gallons of air per hour. The lungs consist of 1,800,000,000 lung cells, which, if they were spread out, would cover two hundred square meters. This proves the usefulness of the lungs. We must breathe, and if we do not instinctively understand how to do it properly we should learn. Hence lung gymnastics. But few breathe properly. Look at the children over their lessons or the accountant over his books. Can you hear them breathe? Nay, they do it so feebly that it does not affect their position or countenance. To breathe correctly is an art, and must be learned, though nature ought to have given every one the faculty. In the first place it is wrong to draw the breath through the mouth. The nose is the natural avenue to the lungs. In the nose are provided cavities in which the air is warmed before it comes to the lungs. The nose also contains excretions which absorb the impurities of the air. We all commit a great fault by not breathing with force. To understand what a true forceful breath is, bare the breast and look into your glass. The ordinary breathing scarcely moves the chest; but hold the breath for an instant before it is blown out and you will see the chest move. This is right. We must breathe so forcefully that the chest moves up and down, or visibly expands and contracts.

"Artificial" breathing consists in forcing the air in and out of the lungs so strongly that the chest visibly expands and contracts. To learn to practice that it is well in the beginning to stand up straight against a wall, for instance, placing the heels together, resting the arms upon the hips; then push the chest forward, while the abdomen is contracted, so much that the weight of the person falls upon the foremost part of the feet. After having come into this position close the mouth and draw in the air slowly and blow it out as slowly. After a long or deep breath one ought to hold that breath for an instant before it is blown out again. By holding the breath the air comes to act on whole surface of the blood, nourishing it and removing the impure gases. The lungs must be perfectly emptied before being refilled, and that can only be done by forceful breathing. When we make those experiments the body must not be tied down by close-fitting garments, bonds or an overloaded stomach. The best time is in the morning and before meals. The exercise should always be taken in free, fresh and pure air, or at least before an open window. Five minutes' exercise every day will do wonders for a healthy person. We must not expect miracles for unhealthy persons from lung gymnastics. We ought to practice before we get sick. Sometimes the practice would prevent the sickness. At at rate, it will prolong life.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Proud of His Election.

There is a case on record in Japan where the winner at the polls was not only sorry for his success, but came through that success subsequently to wish that he had never been born. This was in the village of Awa, and the person honored—or dishonored—by the majority vote was a Jap by the name of Abi Tanihei. It seems that the village of Awa was harassed by a midnight robber whom nobody could detect. The head of the hamlet summoned the entire male population under his charge and directed every man to write the name of the person whom he suspected and to deposit the paper in a box. Fifteen ballots bore the name of Abi Tanihei, the rest being blanks. The man whom everybody distrusted was so much overcome with astonishment he made a full confession and went to prison. In a more civilized country an incident of this sort could never happen, and it is to be hoped that it will never be tried. If Abi Tanihei had really been an honest man it would have made no difference in his fate, which would indeed have been a dreadful thing.—Harper's Young People.

A Cotton Carpet.

A late addition to the household happiness is a carpet made entirely of cotton that is at once lively in color and cheap as good stair matting. It is sold under the somewhat peculiar name of "cordemon"—for what reason I do not know—and is another development of the art of dyeing cotton stuffs. Its price is absolutely low for good wearing carpet, being only 50 cents a yard. But the makers assert that it will endure the hardest wear, nevertheless, and, if only a part of their claim be just, the floor covering deserves recognition, for its tones are delightful, its texture is good and it is woven in thoroughly artistic designs.—Philadelphia Times.

Early Make of Artificial Eyes.

The earliest notice of artificial eyes I am acquainted with occurs in a very rare work by the French surgeon, Ambroise Pare, entitled "La Methode Curative des Playes et Fractures de la Teste Humaine," Paris, 1561. At page 226 Pare gives a description and figures of artificial eyes, to be worn in cases where the eyeball has given way and all the humors have escaped. They are to be segments of a hollow sphere, made of gold, coated with enamel painted in natural colors. With the exception of the gold, they are exactly like the eyes in use at the present time, which are made wholly of glass.—Notes and Queries.

A Society Episode.

"I want somebody to show me where to unload this coal," said the grimy-looking man at the kitchen door.

"You needn't ask me about it," retorted the young woman. "I don't have anything to do with unloading coal. I'm the kitchen lady."

"I can't help that," he rejoined. "I'm the coal gentleman and the father of three kitchen ladies, one laundry lady and one cash lady, and if you don't show me where to put this coal I'll call the woman of the house."

"I—I'll show you, sir," she humbly replied, leading the way to the coal-house.—Chicago Tribune.

A MAY-DAY MORALITY.

JUSTIN H. M'CARTHY

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I WAS in a very ill humor. With my morning post had come amongst others one particular catalogue—the catalogue of a very famous bookseller—and it contained in its list a great many items that I particularly wished to have. But when I had marked them off with my pencil, and finally went over them and added up their total, I was annoyed at the sum they represented. I felt that I could not afford them, that I ought not to afford them, and in consequence I felt horribly ill-used, and that the world was a bad world, which suffered so many millionaires to exist while I, the student of languages, the lover of linguistics, could not afford to buy the few miserable books which I so ardently longed for.

As I sat in this sullen mood I heard a great noise and shouting and the sound of clashing instruments rising from the street. On looking out I perceived the cause of the unwonted tumult. Opposite to my quiet lodgings there is a large stable-yard, which is cut off from the road by a high yellow wall, pierced in the center by a lofty, Roman-looking, red arch, which towers above the wall and affords the only entrance into the court. This court, usually the undisturbed domain of grooms and ostlers, of horses and hay carts, was now in possession of a motley and garish crowd. It was a crowd of May mummers, pranked out in clean splendor and busily occupied in making those noises which had first attracted my attention. I remembered that it was the first of May, and I began to feel the interest that a student of Folk-lore always feels in any survival of old-time customs. The girls, who were in the majority in the little band, glittered in the cheap finery of pink and blue print dresses. All the members of the merry fellowship bore on their heads gaudy wreaths of paper flowers with many-colored streamers, and in their hands they brandished clattering tambourines or flourished painted striped sticks, which they rattled against the ground, and so swelled the din. They were shouting and rushing about the court as if possessed of some midsummer madness, and their movements lent an unusually gay air to the somewhat somber courtyard.

Round the archway a fringe of dully-clad humanity had halted—passers-by, postmen, loafers of many kinds. From windows round about servants thrust out their capped heads, and doors opening in all directions off the yard disclosed the stablemen smiling in good-humored amazement upon the merrymakers. In a little while the revelers whirled out into the street, shouting and shaking their sticks and tambourines, their streamers floating and their childish voices shrilling loud in glee. The gaping knot of idlers huddled together and moved slowly after them, gazing with a surprise which had in it something of the true town mockery for anything odd and bright and pleasant. Yet, it seemed to me, looking down from my window, there was something almost like awe, too, in the minds of those hangers-on at the fantastic gladsomeness of the little creatures.

I decided, as I watched, that there was something pleasingly Pagan about the whole scene. It was like some old Roman rustic festival thrust suddenly into the gloom of a London street. It might almost be some procession of lads and lasses singing and dancing for very lightness of heart in honor of Ceres or Pales, or the god of the gardens. Surely these flower-bound dancers are about to welcome the Kalends of May with crackling sulphur and salt, and flour sprinkled upon the altar flame of the Lares, and to burn laurels before the little statues of the gods.

Of course I knew well enough, though it pleased me to indulge in these learned reflections, that the troop were but some poor children of the neighborhood, who had crept out of small houses in small streets to shine for a season in coats of many colors. They had put on their paper crowns in obedience to an almost forgotten custom, not without a hope of picking up a few pennies from the benevolent. Yet, for the life of me, I could not shake off the fancy that they were thus skipping and shouting and footing it in the service of Flora, the fairest companion of the painted seasons.

I was rapidly brought back to realities. A solemn gentleman, arrayed with that elaborate discomfort in which British respectability delights, entered the street and shattered my Roman vision. One diminutive damsel of the band separated herself from the rest and ran along by his side, holding out her tambourine and soliciting a gift. The man was untouched by the appeal. He was afraid perhaps that he would look ridiculous if he suffered himself to be led into any dealings with the oddly-clad votaries of foreign gods. So he hurried away from the flaunting folly.

The dancers disappeared. The barbaric noises grew fainter. The merry pageant was fading away from sight and hearing. "I will know these maskers nearer," I said to myself, "learn whether they are indeed the shapes of an antique world or but the sons and daughters of London slums." I hurried into the streets but my mummers had disappeared. I turned down one street. No sign of them there. I tried another and another, all with no better luck. The earth has bubbles as the water has, and these seemed to be of them. My ear could catch no distant echo of their joyous charivari.

Suddenly, just as I was about to turn back again to my lodgings I got a glimpse of color in a dingy doorway. I drew nearer. It was one of the mummers; it was the little impish girl who had so greatly entertained me. She was deep down in the doorway—it was, as I remember, the doorway of a land agent's office, and seemed to be but rarely visited. The little maid had her back turned to me and was slowly counting over a small quantity of small coins, her gains apparently from her Maytime mummery. She was so occupied with her task that when I got near to her she did not notice my coming and I was looking over her shoulder before she became conscious of my presence and turned with a little start.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" I said to her, with a smile that I intended to be reassuring. Apparently it was reassuring, for the little lass, who had at first clenched up her coppers in her little fists and put her fists behind her back, now brought them forward again and smiled back at me as she unfolded her small and rather dirty palms, and displayed the wealth they contained.

It was not much wealth after all. I think it came to about five pence halfpenny all told, but it was evident to me that the little girl regarded it as a very serious property.

"Well," I said, "won't you tell me what you are going to do with all that money? Come, let me contribute something," and I laid a sixpence on top of the pile of hot halfpence in her right hand.

The little girl's face flushed with pleasure while she thanked me, which she did with a certain gravity that is occasionally to be met with among the children of the extremely poor. I could see that she now regarded me worthy of confidence. With the gravity of a small chancellor of the exchequer she proceeded to unfold to me the scheme of her little budget. The sudden introduction of an element of silver into the bronze had not upset, it had only enlarged, her financial calculations.

It appeared that mother was a washerwoman, and twopence out of the sum was to be laid out in the purchase of bloaters for mother, a deliacy, it appeared, of which the good woman was fond. Then there was a little brother who was not as strong as he might be, and upon him a penny was to be laid out—at least that was the original purpose—in the most elaborate way. For he was to have a farthing story book, and a farthing cake, and a farthing stick of sweetstuff, and a farthing apple.

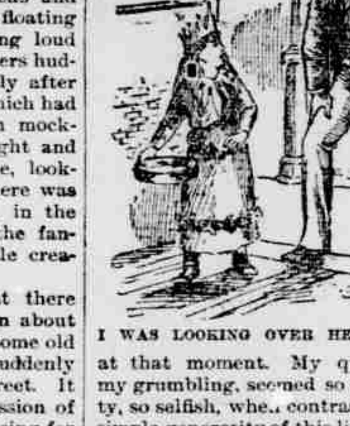
So the little maid ran on. Twopence was to go into mother's money box, a whole penny was to be devoted to buying a bunch of flowers for the girl in the court who had so much sewing to do, and who loved flowers so dearly. I forget exactly all the details of the little creature's scheme, but they were all informed by the same unaffected spirit of benevolence.

When she had come to an end I asked her a question: "But what are you going to get for yourself?"

She did not at first quite seem to understand my meaning, and she reenumerated most of her purposes. When she had finished I repeated my question. This time she understood me and she shook her little head till the paper crown rustled.

"I don't want nothing," she said; "I've got all I want. Mother 'll give me a bit of her bloater, and I know Bobb 'll want me to take a bite of his apple."

I do not know that I ever entertain a very high opinion of my own merits, but I do not think that I ever seemed smaller in my own regard than I seemed



I WAS LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER.

at that moment. My querulousness, my grumbling, seemed so woefully petty, so selfish, when contrasted with the simple generosity of this little daughter of the gutter.

"I beg your pardon," I said to her, in very earnest apology.

She stared at me in astonishment. I could see that she was very eager to be off and make her little purchases, but that a sense of politeness to an unexpected friend refrained her impatience. So I asked her where her mother lived. She told me. It was a dismal place enough, in the purlieus of Westminster. I gravely promised that I would go and see her mother and make Bobby's acquaintance—I am glad to think that I kept my promise, but that is neither here nor there—and then I let the little maid go her ways. She went speeding away up the street, once more a brightly-colored dancing imp, and I paced slowly back to my lodging.

"There," I said to myself, "is a lesson for you, and a lucky one. For it was a mere chance —or was it a mere chance?—that made you run up against that dingy little fairy. If that child had been, as she very well might have been, a selfish little beast, occupied only by the thought of what she could do for herself out of her little takings, you would have been confirmed in your own squalid, sordid thoughts; you would have felt convinced that the world was evil, all grasping, all greedy, and that the kindlier emotions, the soft charities and loves were but the sick fancies of the penny philosopher. Well, if it was only a chance, I am grateful for it with all my heart. Do I not recall certain words: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings?"

When I got home I am proud to say that I put the catalogue into the waste-paper basket without a sigh.

—One of those hard, practical New England women that occur in magazines oftener than in life, called on an artist in New York city, at his invitation, not many days ago. She looked faithfully over his pictures and studies, though there were many of them, betokening great industry, and after the inspection was finished she said, in a severe tone: "Yes, it's very pretty, but I should think you'd get dreadfully tired of doing such things. Don't you ever want to go out and work?"

—A French viscount, who is not so richly endowed as he would like to be, has invented a novel means of feathering his nest. He advertises in the French papers a lottery in which the great prize will be himself and his title. Five thousand tickets are to be sold at twenty francs each, which will bring him in over twenty-five thousand dollars. The lady who draws the lucky number will have the choice of two alternatives. She may marry the viscount with his fortune or she may share this capital sum, but must first forego all right to his hand.

FROM PARENTS TO FAMILY.

Though Local in Origin, Certain Diseases Are Apt to Become Hereditary.

The germ-cell theory, which meets with the guarded approval of the eminent embryologists, Geddes and Thomson, sufficiently accounts for the wonderful continuity of germ cells (which thus resemble the protozoa in their immortality) for the reappearance at long intervals of time in a family of some formerly characteristic feature or peculiarity, such as a Roman nose, red hair, somnambulism, left-handedness, an extra finger and so on. And this after years of intermarriages with families not related, so that one would expect that all the earlier traits had died out. Certain diseases are local in origin and may yet become hereditary. Thus, in many sunless Alpine valleys, ill-drained and malarious, where the only drinking water is calcareous, derived from snow or glaciers, goitre exists in both sexes for generations, culminating in cretinism, a form of idiocy. When an Alpine valley has been put into good sanitary condition and proper water provided, these diseases have disappeared from the place and even victims to goitre have been cured by being removed from their sad environment early in life and have bred healthy children. Thus also Norwegian lepers save their lives by emigrating to America.

Diseases of malnutrition, such as gout, scrofula, cancer and tuberculosis, require several generations for their full evolution, and this evolution my be retarted, or even wholly arrested, by intermarriage with healthy persons of another nonrelated family. Acquired constitutional taints and abnormal habits, as alcoholism, kleptomania, when once firmly rooted in an individual organism, tend to propagate themselves, like family features, and become hereditary for several generations, even when the original factors have ceased to act. Thus the acquired habit of the father may become a natural feature in his son or daughter, just as the puppies of a well-trained pointer or setter require but very little training to "point" or "set." Deformities, superfluous digits or toes and malformations in general may be caused by accident to the mother, by powerful mental impressions arresting or altering the development of the unborn child, and the child born with any of these defects may become the parent or grandparent of an infant having an exactly similar abnormality. But, fortunately for such families, these "family marks" die out in a few generations. For example, an aunt and a female cousin on the paternal side of my family have each a flattened right thumb, but as both are childless, this slight deformity will pass out of existence in the present generation. There would, indeed, be a sadly rapid degeneration of the civilized races of mankind if the typical forms of hereditary diseases were as permanent as the normal types of man and woman. Were it otherwise, families, village communities, nations and eventually races, would become extinct in all parts of the world. But the tendency of this age is toward improved sanitation, better instruction and physical training of infants and children, and, it is to be hoped, a purer morality. A study of the registrar general's reports and of the annual returns of the larger hospitals will demonstrate that great success in removing or rectifying deformities and malformations has attended the efforts of our surgeons, and that the average human life has been considerably extended.—Homœpathic Review.

BINDING TO THE PEACE.

Meaningless Phrase Which Has Quieted Many a Tenementhouse Row.

"People who've never lived in a tenementhouse have very little idea of what life there is," said ex-Police Justice James T. Kilberth to a Times man the other afternoon, as he tilted back in his chair in the office he has opened since leaving the bench, after nineteen years of service. "And the people who've spent all their days in one have less idea still, for they don't know any other kind of existence. Life in these dens must be a continual round of excitement, but the people don't seem to mind it as a rule. Sometimes it gets too hot for them, though, and then it's a race to see who'll get to the police court and make a complaint first. Sometimes the aggrieved person arrives first and sometimes the one who's really to blame. Generally both complainant and defendant are women, and nearly always there is a horde of witnesses, for everybody in the house takes one side or the other, and, of course, comes to court. In such cases both sides are generally more or less to blame, and what they all need is a little restraining influence. Indeed, it isn't often that one wants to see the other any more than 'squelched,' so to speak. I had an almost invariable method of dealing with such cases—when I saw there was nothing serious in them, of course. After hearing the story with evident attention and solemnity I would say to the defendant: 'You're bound to the peace for six months,' and the complainant would go home perfectly satisfied. I didn't know what binding to the peace was any more than they did—that is to say, it had no real meaning—but its effect was almost magical. No matter how abusive either side may have been—even in the court room—those mysterious words silenced everybody, and it was rarely that I ever heard of any more trouble from those people. Not infrequently I had to pronounce the same terrible sentence on both complainant and defendant to insure lasting quiet, and sometimes I've put the whole crowd, witnesses and all, under the same ban. That was when excitement ran high, and it seemed advisable to bind the whole household to the peace for awhile."—N. Y. Times.

IN LOVE WITH HIS SLAVE.

Romantic Story of a Famous Old Mansion in Eastern Connecticut.

The true story of the beautiful Stafford mansion on Groton Heights, New London, lately dedicated by the Connecticut Odd Fellows at Fairview reads like a dream. How the Stafford house came to be built; how it was whispered that Mr. Stafford, a southern planter, was as rich as Crœsus and had married one of his slaves; how the magnificent villa became peopled with a large family of beautiful and talented young quadroons; and how a few years later the dreaded malady of consumption (said to have resulted from the intermarriage of the flaxen-haired millionaire planter with his slave) swept away their six children almost in their youth, and the name of Stafford died out quickly, are matters eastern Connecticut people never get tired of talking about.

Col. Robert Stafford was one of the smartest of southern planters who visited New York in the '40s and '50s. He was born south, educated north and at his majority inherited a small fortune from his father. With this money he planted larger cotton fields, bought more slaves and finally began the purchase of estates on Cumberland island in the Savannah river and began to raise the famous Sea Island cotton, the finest fibered cotton ever put on the market. In this way he rapidly acquired a princely fortune and finally became the owner of nearly all the Cumberland island.

He was a man of fine presence, courtly manners and unflagging industry. He became infatuated with one of his slaves, Mary, a mulatto, whose beauty was of the Persian type. It is said, so light was she, and subsequently took her to be his common-law wife. They were never married. This woman was a person of superb figure and of very many talents and graces.

While in New York on a business trip Col. Stafford made the acquaintance of Mr. Copp's father, who was a lawyer, and by this means he came to Groton Heights, a locality with which he fell deeply in love, and where he determined to locate a home for his growing family and establish them. The Stafford villa, with all its barns, stables, greenhouses and wharves, was completed in 1854, and there Col. Stafford located his family, consisting of two boys and four girls. The children were all as handsome as the handsomest specimens of quadroon beauty. Every expense was lavished upon them. Money was placed at their command, they were educated at the most expensive schools, the best and most cultured society was sought for them and in every way Robert Stafford, it appears, sought to atone for any misdeeds of his in the past by sending them out into the world under the most favorable circumstances. But he was foiled. Death and misfortune seemed to haunt the possessor of millions, although for a few years the halls of his beautiful northern home rang with mirth and music, and were filled with the gayest of young people. At the first his two young sons, Robert and Armand, fell victims to consumption, and then slowly, one by one, the girls, all women of surpassing loveliness, talented and sprightly entertainers, sickened and died of the same disease. Now, it is said, all are dead, and is also said that Col. Stafford, who died in 1887 on Cumberland island, aged eighty years, not only outlived the woman who bore his children, but his entire family as well. All of the girls married, but the marriages, in more than one instance, were unhappy, and many of the children resulting from these marriages have since been swept away by the same disease which haunted Robert Stafford's children. Now they lie in burying grounds in other parts of the world.—Boston Herald.

Quick Climatic Changes.

Astonishing to the stranger is the sudden development of the far northern summer. Snow covers the ground in our own Aleutian islands until well into June, but by that time the day lasts nearly all night, and in a few weeks rank vegetation has taken the place of snow. The hills become carpeted with brilliant flowers and the grass is waist high. This vegetation, dying winter after winter, covers the ground to a great depth and makes it difficult to walk, and adds especially to the task of mountain climbing. It simplifies the descent, however, for a person wearing stout trousers may slide for a quarter of a mile down the mountain on this loose deposit.—N. Y. Sun.